

Workation
Sofia Caesar

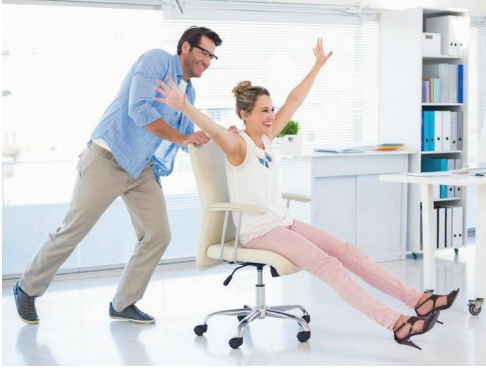
Thank you Paula, Sofa, Tao, and Toril for your contributions and engagement in the process of making the zine: it is thanks to people like you that our self-initiative can develop.

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Graphic design and concept by Nowhere Collective: Emile Hermans, Cira Huwald, Eline Kersten, Alicja Melzacka, and Miriam Sentler, 2019

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As I write this text, some of my muscles rest and others work. I'm sitting at the desk. I stare at the computer screen. I try to relax. I try to both relax and write. At once, both rest and work. I let go of the weight of my arms, let my fingers relax on the keyboard. nsroaifnsouf. I continue to write and my fingers gain muscle power again – active, tense, no typos allowed! But as my shoulders loosen up and my neck relaxes, my head falls to rest on the desk. The chair's wheels roll away from the desk. It's a little harder to type this way and a yawn finds the muscles on my face. I am relaxed and working at the same time. Both resting and tense. My shoulders sink deeper, merging with the back of the chair as I sink under the table. My hips start to slide down to the floor, my chin and arms still resting on the desk. I'm slowly falling. I search for images on my computer. I type in the words 'work' and 'rest'.



A woman is being pushed around in an office chair. Her arms are up in the air. Her feet are off the ground. She is having fun. In a state of suspension. Playing. This is the kind of play that makes her more productive.

While I'm writing this, I'm falling from the office chair, swinging from side to side. As I look at the image, I feel heavy, lazy. I feel like I need a break. I decide to go horizontal. I take my laptop to bed. Sitting in bed, I am relaxing and working at the same time. I am never and always at work. I don't feel like sleeping, but I search for 'sleep' and 'work'.



A man working from his bed. He's in his office clothes. I am too working from my bed.

I remember sitting on a bed in the installation "Cosmococaa" by artist Helio Oiticica. I look for images of his work. So many appear. I choose this one, taken in the museum Inhotim in Minas Gerais, Brazil.



In 1970 Oiticica coined a word: *crelazer*. In English, 'creleisure'. The word merges the Portuguese words 'to believe' [*crer*], 'to create' [*criar*], and 'leisure' [*lazer*]. I interpret this in different ways: to believe in leisure as creation, to create leisure, to believe in creation, or to create belief in leisure. 'Creleisure' is not the same leisure that allows us to rest from work, the kind that makes our time at work more bearable. It's not providing rest from a day of manual labor, nor relief from fatigue. 'Creleisure' is an active commitment towards creating a state of suspension. 'Creleisure' generates a creative and active leisure instead of a repressive one. A space for the suspension from daily life. Free time as a means for the active production of pleasure.

Maybe it was a premonition. Maybe Oiticica predicted the state we see today, in which leisure is productive. Our free time on the internet is transformed into data mined by companies and the image of a flexible creative worker, mirrored from the cultural field, is a model imposed on people worldwide. The hours at the office become a state of constant 'workation'. Play, participation, and creation are important components of the current model for productivity. Now that leisure is also production, it generates direct value. It is mined. Colonised. *Cololazer. Cololeisure*.

But 'Creleisure' is the desire for emancipation from systems of control. And if there is a moment when the body actively resists and escapes these systems, there is 'Creleisure'. But at the same time, if this same body is made productive, then there's no such thing as Creleisure. In the same body, at the same time, there is and there isn't 'creleisure'.



'Fun' and 'work'. I'm looking at the image of this group of people in an office throwing paper into the air. I feel more and more tired. I take my laptop and my phone to the hammock.

Swinging in the hammock, I find this image. 'Lazy' and 'work'. A man is lying on a hammock, dressed in office clothes. His sleeves and trousers are rolled up. He's wearing sunglasses, holding a briefcase in mid air and a computer on his lap. He's in a hammock and he's at work. I'm in a hammock and I'm at work. Both our hammocks are productive.



As I look at the image of this man, I let go of the weight of my head. Our bodies are captured. The place of rest is the place to work. We both work while in colonised rest, in productive laziness. There's an ambivalence in our bodies; we are in a state that is both lazy and productive, both resting and working, both on vacation and at work. I cease to sustain verticality. I allow the heaviness in my head and my limbs to prevail. The fabric of the hammock slips from under my head. My head falls. I allow my whole body to fall with gravity. I fall slowly from the hammock onto the floor. Because it's a conscious choice to let myself fall to the floor, I'm both relaxed and tense, both resting and working. In my hand, I am holding the phone displaying the image of the man in the hammock.

Looking for a way out, I get up and go to the beach. As I arrive at the beach, I'm worried about sand getting into my keyboard. I sit on a beach chair by the water. I search for 'vacation' and 'work' on my phone, and this man shows up.



A man in a suit, at the beach, with a computer on his lap, and a briefcase next to his beach chair. He's barefoot. The sun is shining. It must be hard to see the screen. I know it's hard to see mine. My head feels heavy and I slowly let go. The weight of my head leads me to the ground. My phone falls from my hand. A wave comes and washes my phone away.



read.me/ an imperative of the text to be seen and comprehended. read.me/ an archive and a memory of a given programme read.me/ an instruction regulating a number of practices. read.me/ a set of sequences, recorded and stored. read.me/ an attempt at communication. [read.me/](#)

The following issue presents new works along with the (documentation of) older projects by artists engaging – in a more or less direct way – with different interpretations of the titular subject. /In **Emile Hermans'** visual contribution **Future Perfect**, an operating system seems to have developed a pidgin code from seemingly haphazard glitches, in an attempt to get through to the user. Is it a coincidence that the desktop background features stills from Solaris, one of the most profound film portrayals of humans and their beliefs in their own intellectual uniqueness? /**Tao G. Vrhovec Sambolec** presents several components of **Reading Reading**, his ongoing research project investigating 'the activity of reading as an interface between our interior mental state and the exterior world'. The reprinted text served as a script for the reading experiment, while simultaneously narrating this very experiment. This self-referentiality makes a reader gradually aware of the weight, pace, and motion of their own gaze and the latent materiality, or as Tao calls it, the 'texture' of the text. /A recurring subject in **Sofia Caesar's** videos, performances, and installations is the 'body in motion'. From playful conventions to working conditions, she is interested in the frameworks structuring and delimiting the movement of bodies in given contexts. Sofia's visual essay was initially conceived as a loose script for her most recent video installation **Workation**. Through the sequence of stock photos and succinct descriptions, it conveys an image of a body suspended in an ambivalent state between work and rest. /In **How to do things with words** (1962), Austin distinguished a group of 'performative utterances' that have the power to actively transform the social reality. **Toril Johannessen's** work **AA-MHUMA-ATTI-KITTEKITII** also deals with this phenomenon. One of its components is a phonetic transcription of the titular word which is challenging to articulate but which – when pronounced correctly – has a physical, warming effect on the locutors' body. The word has been re-constructed from the artist's memory and is accompanied by a series of wax sculptures, created in the reconstruction process. In this way, sculpting becomes an extension of articulating, where each shape corresponds to a syllable. /**Paula Smolarska** started photographing thrown-away chairs a while ago; she has been fascinated by their distinctive bodies – from the sturdy ones to the weak and rickety ones. In some of Paula's earlier works, those non-human bodies became archetypes for fictional characters. In this issue, the artist offers a glimpse into her ever-growing collection. In the accompanying text, initiated during the PARC Residency, Pangea Sculptors' Centre in Spaf in the summer of 2018 and completed in London earlier this year, she describes the falling and disintegration of the voluptuous body of the imaginary character BB. The text does not correspond directly to any of the photographs, nonetheless, what connects them both is the movement of collapse.

Alicja Melzacka



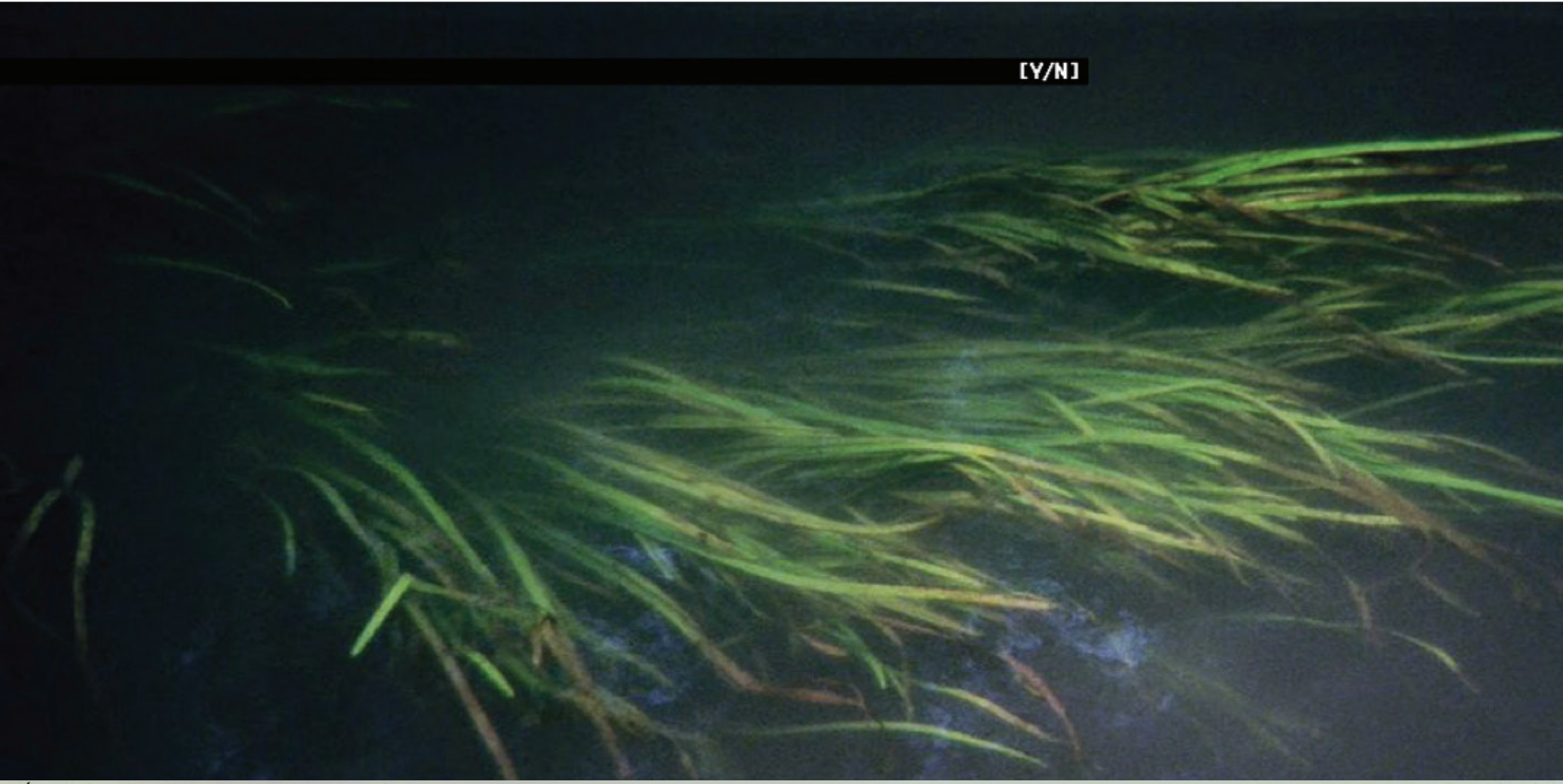
Toril Johannessen
AA-MHUMA-ATTI-KITTEKITII

[,a'a'mu:ma,a'i:ti ,kitə'ki,ti']

There is a word you can say to warm yourself up when freezing. The word is not a spell. It does not work by magic. It is a word that, when uttered, makes you stop being cold because of the physical movement that the word makes you perform. The way the word shapes your mouth causes your body temperature to rise. When you give voice to the word, the signals sent to your brain and spinal cord mitigate contractions of the muscles, and your shivering ceases.



Finder File Edit View Go Window Help



HIPS DON'T LIE. FALLING TOGETHER
Paula Smolarska
January 2019

<div>The first thing you notice about her is her big butt. It's round. and sits on wide hips. As she is walking around the piece of land we are on, the buttocks rub off each other.</div> One of them lifts upward as the other goes slightly downward and they change. The one that's just been up slides down and so on. It makes a very sexy scene to watch. I don't have the guts to observe it. The view is making me feel funny in my stomach. If you have the guts, please carry on. Alongside the view there is also an accompanying sound. Her shorts make a <div>"SHISH SHISH"</div> sound. They are ochre in colour and made of stretchy fabric, which is good for the sound I just mentioned. Whenever I try to catch a glimpse of her face, she turns away from me as if she knew I was watching her. She has long thick hair and she keeps it loose. It rests on her back. I don't really want to move away from her, but I can't make myself come closer. I'm feeling too much. My palms, my armpits, my forehead are all sweating. My heartbeat is a wrecking ball striking my ribcage.

<div>WHOP! WHOP!</div> I retrieve.

From a distance I can only see her legs and her butt. Her body has formed a beautiful and elegant tripod. It touches the ground at three places – her right foot, her left foot and her forearms. On top of the tripod is her huge swinging arse, which looks like two massive ice cream scoops. I can't help but think the ice cream is caramel flavoured. Her hips are swinging to the side further each time. Suddenly she makes a quick jump to the side. Her swinging is speeding up:

<div>LEFT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT LEFT.</div>

The movement of her hips is swift, and I can't see the contours of her bottom. an ochre smudge hovers in the air. Below it, there is a slow trickle going down the back of her calf. It is moving persistently. It's grey and has the consistency of porridge. I can see where it's coming from: it springs from the back of her knee. That part that is always warm and a little moist and super soft. While her gaze is </div>

pointing forward, the matter keeps seeping; still steady trickles. I lift my heavy foot, my knee and my thigh and place them in front of me. My other leg follows. I make a few chunky steps and I find myself close to her. Her eyes are closed. She is not moving much. Maybe a gentle sway now and then. Her fingers are moving lightly one by one making her hands look like one of those bead curtains, which hang just outside the front doors and move with gusts of wind. I slide my hand next to hers. Her finger hooks over my hand and the warmth of her palm explodes on my skin.

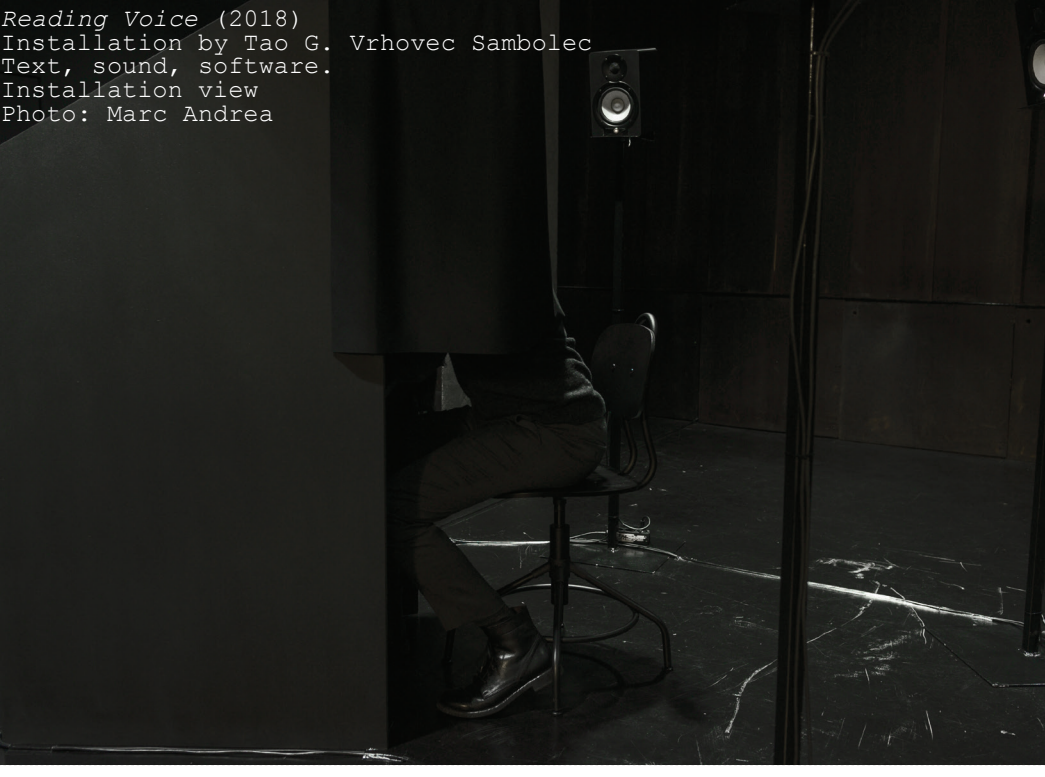
<div>POW!</div>

BB's legs are continuing to leak. The flow is heavier and the splits at the back of her knees are no deeper and as wide as the leg itself. The flowing matter is pulling her skin open until two wrinkled skin smiles form on the back of her knees. We are both now standing in a puddle of grey gritty matter, which is spreading greedily on the ground. My foot next to her foot. My thigh touching her thigh. BB's head has dropped to her chest. Her hair is hanging loose blowing in the wind, of which some is tickling my nose.

<div>Achooooooo! Achooooooo! Achooooooo!</div>

Surges of unexpected energy are gushing through my body. The closeness of my body and her body is giving me vertigo. I can't see where the horizon line is nor the point to it. I can see trembling legs and hips that are twisting like a rollercoaster track. I can't tell where my skin ends and hers begins. It's covered in goose bumps and blue veins pumping blood viciously. A sticky ooze of pleasure appears from between the bodies.

A pair of hipbones are slowly collapsing. A spine is curling up as a knee is lowering towards the puddle. Chests cave in. A body slumps coiled to the puddle. After a while the only remaining visible part is thick hair floating on top of the lazily moving grey sludge.



Reading Speech 2018
Performative reading by Tao G. Vrhovec Sambolec

Reading Speech is a part of the long-term artistic research project *Reading Reading*. The research project investigates the activity of reading as an interface between our interior mental state and the exterior world, asking whether what separates the two is a temporal, flexible and virtual gap, as opposed to a fixed corporal/material border.

Below is the text of a performative reading that took place in a library, using the prototype of experimental setup consisting of an eye tracker, a computer screen, software, a microphone and a sound system.

The performative reading consists of two parts:

1. Reading aloud the text below from the computer screen and recording my eye movement.
2. Playing back the resynthesized recorded reading of the text, according to my eye movement registered when reading.

Reading Speech

This is the preparation before reading to open up the time and the space, in between the written word, the eye, the ear and the voice.

How much time does it take to think something?
How much time does it take to say something?
How much time does it take to write something?
How much time does it take to hear something?
How much time does it take to read something?

These are the questions now.

And we are here.

We are in the library.

Sensing the radiant energy of the library as a place that is ultimately illegible. The vast presence of stored words locked in space. Words before and after sound. Words to be seen.

A walking body navigating through a library is similar to a reader's gaze browsing through a text – like an animal in the woods, like a pedestrian in a city, like a researcher in an archive. The eye is browsing through, passing by, touching the surface, veering off, getting lost, finding somewhere else. Before viewing, before comprehending, before saying.

A pre view of a view.

The activity of reading a text is similar to inhabiting a place. The text is a blueprint of immaterial architecture, outlined by the reader's gaze and inhabited by the reader's mind. The pace of reading temporalizes the printed words, while the voice materializes them. Through reading and speaking, the text is being materialized and mentally inhabited.

In alphabetic cultures, reading was initially practiced exclusively as a loud vocal activity, which rendered libraries into noisy places. The script consisted of long strings of letters without breaks between the words or any other punctuation marks. It was only after some centuries that the practice of silent reading came around, and it presumably settled as a regular practice in the eight century. With the practice of silent reading, the separation of written words was introduced, and punctuation was developed. It is now known that even when reading silently, we always activate our speech organs engaging in the activity called 'subvocalization'.

Right now I am reading these words from the screen. As my eyes are looking at the words, their movement is being detected, traced and recorded with great precision. The apparatus in front of me calculates the direction of my gaze, and it determines exactly where I am looking. It determines whether I am looking at a blank spot or at a word and at what time and for how long I am looking at it. The apparatus detects when my eyes are closed, or when they are not looking at the screen.

I wrote this text some days ago. I have been thinking about writing this text for a long time. I am still thinking about writing this text.

I recorded my voice reading this text some days ago. Afterwards, the apparatus in front of me matched the positions of the written words on the screen to the times and durations of the spoken words of my recorded voice some days ago.

Right now, as I am reading this text that I have written some days ago, from this screen, the apparatus in front of me is mapping the movement of my gaze across the text to the corresponding spoken words of my recorded voice reading this text some days ago.

After I will have finished reading this text in some minutes from now, the apparatus will play back the recording of my voice reading this text some days ago in such a way that the sequence and durations of the words and silences will correspond to the sequence and durations of the words and blank spots on the screen, as they are being looked at right now, as I am reading this text.

This is about the pre view of the view.

There is almost not an interval.

Reading is a connective and disjunctive activity that is negotiating rhythmical relations between the spoken and as an event in time, and the written word as an object in space.

There is almost not an interval.

Reading text as texture.
Reading text as surface.
Reading text as meaning.
Reading text as image.
Reading text as sound.
Reading text as trace.
Reading text as thought.
Reading text as representation.
Reading text as interpretation.

This is about how the reader moves through the written text as the text moves through them, capturing the temporality just before the text is activated into meaning, and before the reader's activity is shaped by the encounter with the text.

The time before the view, the time before making sense, the time before speech voice.

Reading as touching the texture of the text. The stuttering eye traversing the words locked in space.

The time before and the time after making sense.

There is almost not an interval.

"This sentence is borrowed from Gertrude Stein's lecture Composition #2 Duration (1923), accessed on 03.04.2019 at: <https://www.gotkyr.org/articles/69481/composition-as-explanation>
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Reading Speech (2018)
Performative reading by Tao G. Vrhovec Sambolec
Text, sound, software.
Screenshot of a working session

Like an animal in the wild, the researcher in the archive
The eye is browsing through, veering off, getting lost, before comprehending, before saying.
A pre view of a view.